

live and grow, the meadows flourish at his upgoing and are drunken at his sight, all cattle skip on their feet, and the birds that are in the marsh flutter for joy." It is he "who bringeth the years, createth the months, maketh the days, calculated! the hours, the lord of time, by whom men reckon." In his zeal for the unity of god, the king commanded to erase the names of all other gods from the monuments, and to destroy their Images. His rage was particularly directed against the god Ammon, whose name and likeness were effaced wherever they were found ; even the sanctity of the tomb was violated in order to destroy the memorials of the hated deity. In some of the halls of the great temples at Carnac, Luxor, and other places, all the names of the gods, with a few chance exceptions, were scratched out. The monarch even changed his own name, Amenophis, because it was compounded of Ammon, and took instead the name of Chu-en-aten, "gleam of the sun's disc." Thebes itself, the ancient capital of his glorious ancestors, full of the monuments of their piety and idolatry, was no longer a fit home for the puritan king. Fie deserted it, and built for himself a new capital in Middle Egypt at the place now known as Tell-el-Amarna. Here in a few years a city of palaces and gardens rose like an exhalation at his command, and here the king, his dearly loved wife and children, and his complaisant courtiers led a merry life. The grave and sombre ritual of Thebes was discarded. The sun-god was worshipped with songs and hymns, with the music of harps



and flutes, with  
offerings of cakes and fruits and  
flowers. Blood seldom  
stained his kindly altars. The king  
himself celebrated the  
offices of religion. He preached with  
unction, and we may  
be sure that his courtiers listened with at  
least an outward  
semblance of devotion. From the too-  
faithful portraits of  
himself which he has bequeathed to us  
we can still picture  
to ourselves the heretic king. In the  
pulpit, with his tall,  
lanky figure, his bandy legs, his pot-  
belly, his long, lean,  
haggard face aglow with the fever of  
religious fanaticism.  
Yet "the doctrine," as he loved to call  
it, which he  
proclaimed to his hearers was  
apparently no stern message  
of renunciation in this world, of  
terrors in the world to